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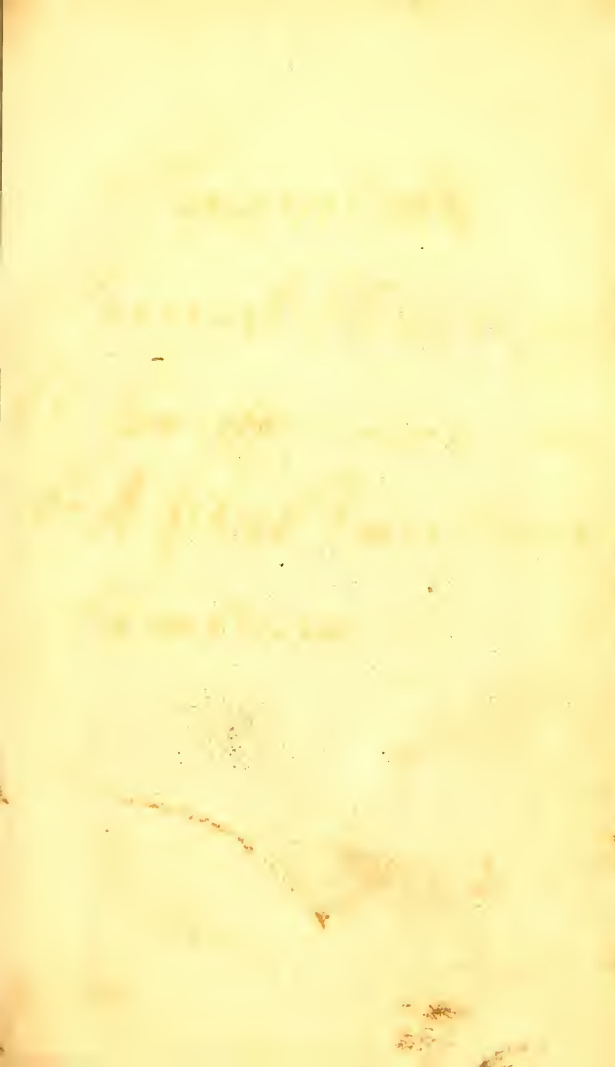
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Presented to
Susan Van Hook
by her affectionate son
A. S. Van Hook
Christmas day

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the



Pleasing Stories.



Fanny Spelling her Name.

Published by Thos. T. Ash, Philadelphia.

PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE
STORIES

FOR

Young Children.

BY MRS. HUGHS,

AUTHOR OF THE "ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED," "THE COUSINS," &c.

PHILADELPHIA:

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PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE STORIES.

COME to mamma, Emily; she will take you upon her lap, and tell you a pretty story. You like to hear pretty stories, I am sure; yes, I know you do.

I must tell you about a good little girl, you say; very well, I will. I like to talk about good little girls, for I love good girls, and so do all good people. But we must sit back from the fire: the hot fire will scorch my little girl's face, and make her eyes sore. Now let us begin our story.

There was a little girl, a very good little girl she was, and by what name

do you think they called her? Was it Emily? No, not Emily, though I hope Emily is a very good little girl too; but this little girl's name was Fanny. She always did what she was told to do, without either pouting or grumbling. If her mamma was busy, and had not time to talk to her, Fanny never teased her; and if she told her to go into the nursery, she used to go that moment without saying a word. But yet Fanny liked very much to be with her mamma, and was always very glad when she was told to come down stairs again. One day, as Fanny was sitting beside her mamma, and playing with a pretty new box of letters which her papa had bought for her, and searching for the letters to spell her own name, she had got *Fan*, and was looking for another *n* and a *y* to make *Fanny*, when

a lady came into the parlour: now this lady came to talk to Fanny's mamma, so that the little girl was to be sent out of the room, and Fanny was told to go into the nursery: in a minute the letters were all packed into the box, and she went away.

Fanny was very sorry indeed to go away, just as she was learning to spell her own name; but she was too good a girl to cry, or be out of humour about it. Before she left the room, she asked her mamma if she might take her box of letters up with her; but her mamma said, "No, Fanny, I would rather you did not take them with you, because I am afraid your little brother would put them into his mouth, and suck the paint off them."

Fanny did not look cross at this, but went away without saying another

word, and made herself as happy as she could with the playthings she had in the nursery. Well! the next day, Fanny was again sitting beside her mamma, and trying once more to spell her name, when the same lady again came into the room. Fanny thought every minute she should be told to go to the nursery, but she was wrong; instead of her being sent away, the lady took a little book out of her work-bag, and called Fanny to come and look at it. It was called "the book of Games," and had a great many pictures in it, of little boys and girls at play. After Fanny had seen all the pictures, the lady asked her if she should like such a book for her own? Fanny said she should like it very much indeed. The lady said, "then I will give it you, Fanny, for being so good a little

girl as to leave the room without being out of humour, when I came to talk to your mamma."

Fanny took the book, and thanked the lady for it. She thought to herself she was twice paid for being good; she was paid with a pretty new book, besides the reward which she always had for being good, in feeling very happy and pleased with herself.

Who comes here? A little starved girl. Oh, how cold she looks! Has the cold frosty air pinched your little nose? Your fingers ache, you say; I dare say they do. But you must not hold them to the fire, for that will make them a great deal worse; come to mamma, and she will rub them with

her warm hands. Rub, rub; now they will soon be better.

Who made Emily that warm coat? Mamma did. Yes, she did; mamma made it for her own little girl, to keep her warm this cold weather. Does Emily know what it is made of? It is made of wool: and who does Emily think gave us this nice wool, that is so soft and warm? We get it from the sheep and lambs. It is clipt off their sides in the warm weather, when they have no need of it, and spun into thread. The weaver then makes it into cloth; and the dyer dyes it to make it a pretty colour. After this it is ready for papas and mammas, and little girls, to wear, to keep them warm. Emily's warm stockings, and her flannel-petticoat, and the blankets on her bed, are all made of wool. The little sheep and

lambs are very good to give us their warm coats; what ought we to give them in return?

What do you think they like best? They like good fresh grass best. 'The little lambs are very happy in skipping about in the green fields. When Spring comes, mamma will take Emily into the fields to see them. They run away, and then come back again to their mothers; and if they do not happen to see their mother, they cry "*ma, ma,*" till she hears them, and comes running to them. Then they rub their little heads against her, as if they wished to say, I am glad to see you again, mother; I was afraid I had lost you. Little lambs could not do very well without a mother, neither could little girls; little girls are still more helpless than lambs; for lambs can eat grass, but little girls

cannot get any thing, so that if they had no kind friend to feed them they would die. There is no friend so kind as a mother; little girls ought then to be very good, and do all their mamma wishes them to do. Will Emily think of this, and always be a good girl? Yes, she says she will. Very well then; give mamma a kiss, and go and get your coat and bonnet off, and you shall have some dinner.

I think I heard somebody cry just now; what was it that made Emily cry? You fell down, you say, and hurt your hand; well, and what of that? I am very sorry that you were so silly as to cry for such a thing. We can only allow little brother to cry; he is

quite a baby, and does not know any better.

But when he is as old as Emily, I hope he will be more like a man than to cry for a trifle. Now, as Emily is a great deal older, she ought to teach her brother, by letting him see that she does not think of crying when she falls down. Besides, when little girls cry for such trifles, people begin to think them pets, and do not mind them. They then think it is only some little thing not worth caring for that they are making such a noise about.

I will tell you a story, Emily. There was once a little girl who was so silly as to cry for every little trifle; so that her mamma and the servants were often weary of hearing her: at last they were so used to her crying that they did not mind it at all; indeed they scarcely

heard her, they thought so little about it. If any body asked what Eliza was crying for? they would say, "Oh! only some little trifle that is not worth talking about."

One day, her mamma was going out, and Eliza wished very much that she might go too; but her mamma told her she could not take her, for fear she should begin to cry and disturb those about her. After her mamma was gone, the servant went down stairs, and left Eliza in the nursery by herself: she played about for some time, but at last she went too near the fire, and her frock rubbed against the bar, and was in flames in a moment. As soon as Eliza saw she was on fire, she cried out as loudly as she could; but, sad to tell, nobody minded it. She cried so often, that the servants did not

care for it; when they heard her, they never thought of going to see what was the matter. The flames soon ran up the little girl's frock to her arms, neck, and face, till at last the pain made her scream so, that the servant began to think there really must be something the matter with her this time, and went to see. As soon as the servant saw that Eliza's clothes were on fire, she took up a piece of carpet, laid her down, and rolled her about in it to put out the flame, but the poor little girl was sadly burned, and felt a very great deal of pain before her face and neck were well again. So you see what a sad thing it is to get into the way of crying for trifles. If she had not cried so often, the servant would have run to see what was the matter as soon as she heard her, and then

Eliza would not have been so sadly hurt.

What does Emily say? she wants a pair of scissors! Oh! but I am afraid to trust a little girl with scissors, lest she should do mischief with them. You will only cut that piece of paper, you say; and try to cut out a pretty dog: well, I should like to see you cut something pretty; so I think I must trust you with a pair. Sit down on the carpet, and spread out your frock: you know, if you do not spread out your frock, the pieces of paper will fall on the carpet, and then the servant would have a great deal of trouble to make it clean again.

Well, what is that you have cut—a

dog? but it has no head, and only three legs; dogs, you know, have four legs; so you must cut another. But you want more paper; I will see if I can find you some, as you sit and cut so quietly. Emily shall often have a pair of scissors if she only cuts what mamma gives her leave to cut. But I have known some naughty little girls cut their frocks or their mamma's work, or any thing they could get hold of. One day, a little girl that I knew, got hold of her mamma's scissors while she was out of the room; and what do you think she did? why, she cut all her hair off her forehead, and made herself quite a little fright. Her mamma was very angry when she came into the parlour, and saw her little girl such a figure; and would not let her have a pair of scissors again for a very, very,

long time. And when people saw her, they used to say, "look at that little girl, how ugly she looks! what a silly little girl she must be, to cut her hair off; I hope her mamma will take care not to let her have a pair of scissors again." Emily, I am sure, will take care not to do as this little girl did: she will ask mamma's leave before she begins to cut any thing.

Emily, here is a letter for you, from your little cousin John: make haste, and I will read it to you.

How clever it is for cousin John to be able to write a letter! You would like to write a letter, would you not? But you know you cannot write: you have not learned to write yet; I hope

you will make haste and learn to read, and then papa will teach you to write. You want to know when papa will begin to teach you: why, that will depend upon yourself; if you take pains, and learn to read this book all through without stopping to spell a single word, then papa will begin to teach you to write; and I shall be very glad when you are able to write a letter to your cousin John in return for this. But we must read it.

“Cousin Emily,—I am going to tell you about a Cat and some Rabbits that I have: they all play together in the yard; and sometimes the cat tries to teach the rabbits to catch mice. They will all eat off the same dish together: one day they had some beef and bread, and cabbage, set before them on the same plate. The cat agreed that the

rabbits might have the cabbage, and puss took the beef herself: but, when the cat was eating some bread, the rabbit bit at the other end. Pussy did not like that, so she hit the rabbit with her paw: after that, they were very good friends again, and ate it all up. I cannot tell you any thing more about them now, for my hand is tired with writing; but I wish you would come here, and I will let you see them. This letter is from your cousin John."

Now is not this a very pretty letter, think you, Emily? Should not you like to see puss and the rabbits playing and eating together? Yes, I am sure you would: well, be a good girl, and I will take you some day to see your cousin John, and his cat and rabbits.



Pleasing Stories.



Emily Watering her Flowers.

Spring is come now, Emily, and it is time to begin to work in the gardens: mamma will give her Emily a little garden for her own. Last Summer, she was too young to have a garden; she could not dig it, nor do any thing to it herself, so it would have been of no use for her to have one. But now, she is older, and mamma will buy her a little spade, and she shall dig the ground, and put in the flowers. Then the sun will shine upon them and warm them; and the rain will water them, so that they will soon be pretty flowers, such as mamma has in her garden.

In Winter it is very cold, and there is a great deal of ice and snow; the ground is hard, so that the flowers cannot grow. But, when the warm Spring comes, the sun begins to shine

with great power, the wind is soft and warm, and the rain comes down to make the ground soft. Then the little flowers pop up their heads; the little snow-drops peep out first, and the crocus; then come the primrose and the violet, and after them a great many other flowers. Emily does not know what pretty flowers mamma has in her garden; she was too young last summer to know any thing about them, she then did not know how to take care of flowers: she used to pull them in pieces, and did not keep them to smell at and admire. Mamma was forced to watch her very closely when she was in the garden; for, if mamma did not happen to be looking, she would soon pull off the heads of some of her pretty flowers. But Emily knows a great deal better now, and will not pull the flow-

ers, I am sure, without asking mamma's leave.

When the gooseberries and currants come upon the trees, she must take care not to eat them, or else Emily will make herself sick. Naughty boys and girls sometimes eat the green gooseberries, and currants, and strawberries, and make themselves very sick; and then they have a great deal of pain, and have to take things that they do not like, to make them better. But, when the fruit is ripe, it is very good for them; and papas and mammas like to give it to good children.

When the front door is open, Emily must be sure not to go out into the street, or she may lose herself, and that

would be a very sad thing indeed. I am sure Emily would not like to get to a place where she could not find the way back to mamma again: what could Emily do without mamma? and what could mamma do without her little girl?

There was once a naughty little girl, who did not care for what her mamma said to her; and one morning, though she had been told not to go into the street by herself, she set off the very first time she saw the door open. She was so silly as to fancy she could take care of herself, and find her way back again as soon as she wished to go home; so she went along first into one street, and then into another, looking about at all the things that she passed, and never once thinking about home: she never thought how unhappy her mam-

ma would be, when she found that her little girl was gone from home. At last she began to feel tired, and thought she would go home again; but, when she turned round, she could not tell which way to go: she walked about through one street after another, but could not see any house that looked like her mamma's.

After she had been out a long time, she began to feel very hungry; and, when she looked at the shops which had nice cakes at their windows, she wished very much for some of them. She had no money, nor any body with her to buy her any of them. The longer she walked, the farther she was from home; for she had got into places that she had never seen before; and she began to feel very much afraid.

At length, she saw that night was

coming on, and that it would very soon be dark. She was, besides, tired, and cold, and hungry, and she began to cry sadly. She thought what a sad thing it would be to stay in the street all the night, without any bed to sleep on, or any thing to keep her warm: she wished very much that she had not been so naughty, but had minded what her mamma had said to her. She found that the people who passed her in the street, were not so kind as her mamma: they did not seem to care about her, though she cried very loud, and was shivering with cold.

It grew so dark that she could not see the people near her; but a woman who came close past her, saw her, and asked her what was the matter; the little girl told her that she had lost herself, and could not find the way

back to her mamma's house. The woman said she would take her to it; and the little girl was very glad: and, after they had walked a long way, they came to a house, but the little girl knew it was not her mamma's. She said, "This is not my mamma's house: my mamma's house has steps to go up to the door, and a lamp at the top which always burns at night." The woman said, "I know very well this is not your mamma's house; it is mine, and you are my little girl now."

The little girl cried very much, and begged to be taken home; but the woman said, "No, you will never see home again, nor your mamma, nor your brothers, nor sisters; for I shall keep you, and I shall beat you if you tell any one this is not your home." The little girl cried more than before;

but she did not dare to say a word, for the naughty woman showed her the large whip, which, she said, she would beat her with, if she spoke. Then, she took off the clothes the little girl had on, and put her on some old shabby ones, and took her into a ship, which was near the house. Very soon after the ship sailed away, and this naughty little girl never saw her kind mamma, or her nice home, any more.

Here is Emily's breakfast; come, sit down, and eat it. Good bread and milk! Oh! how sweet and rich the milk tastes! Who gave Emily this good milk? Mamma. Yes, mamma gave it to Emily; but where did mamma get it? The cows give milk to

mamma for good little girls. Thank you, pretty cows, you are very good to give us your milk; for nothing is so good for breakfast and supper. It makes little girls grow strong and healthy; Emily will soon be a tall girl, if she takes plenty of milk and bread. Does Emily know what bread is made of? It is made of wheat. Corn grows in the fields; the farmer ploughed that field which Emily can see from the window before the winter came. When it was ploughed and made soft, he strewed grains of wheat over it, and covered it with earth. It lay all the winter in the ground; and now Emily may see a great many little blades of grass springing up: as the warm weather comes on, that grass will grow into long, tall stalks, almost as tall as mamma. Then grains of wheat will come again at the

top of it—a great many more than the farmer put into the ground. When the sun has made it quite hard and ripe, he cuts it down, and sends it to the mill to be ground into flour; then it is made into bread for us to eat.

Emily has seen the cook make flour into bread: you know she mixed it with water, and made it into paste; then she put it into the oven to bake, and it came out a good loaf of bread, that Emily liked very much to have a slice of it. The farmer ploughs the ground with a plough, which is drawn along by horses or oxen; then, after the wheat is put in, he makes it smooth with what is called a harrow. When it is ripe, it is cut down with a hook, and tied up in bundles, which are called sheaves, and left in the field till it is quite dry; then it is taken into the

barn, and the grains beat off the stalks with a long stick, which is called a flail: this is called thrashing. When the grains are all beat off, the stalks are called straw; and the dry skins, which are knocked off the grains of wheat, are called chaff. Poor people often make beds of the chaff; but it does not make very soft beds,—not half so soft as feathers: yet people who are poor, and have not money to buy feathers, are very glad of it.

But, now I want to know if Emily can tell what the cup from which she is drinking her breakfast is made of? She cannot; then I will tell her: it is made of clay. Clay is dug out of the ground; it is made soft by being mixed with water, and boiled: it is then very like the paste which the cook made into a loaf. The man who works the clay is

called a potter; he makes it into plates, and dishes, and cups, and saucers, and a great many other things. After these have stood some time to dry, they are put into an oven, and baked; when they come out of the oven, they are quite hard, as the cup is from which Emily is now drinking, and are very clean things for us to take our food out of. But now Emily has drank all her milk, and eat her bread, so mamma must get to her work; and Emily may go and play in the garden.

Emily, I have a sad tale to tell you; poor little cousin Thomas has had a fall, and has broken his arm. Feel this bone in your own arm; do you not think it would be a very sad thing to

have it broken? The bone that is in little cousin Thomas's arm, the same as this in yours, is broken; and the doctor was obliged to give him a great deal of pain before he could join it again; and it will be a very long time before he will be able to move his arm, or make any use of his hand.

I am sorry to say he got it by being a naughty boy; he climbed up a very high wall that his papa had told him not to get upon. As soon as his papa was gone away, Thomas mounted up, and very soon tumbled down. It is very naughty when little boys and girls do not mind what is said to them; they may be sure that papas and mammas know better than they do. It is a very bad thing to climb upon high places; for if they fall, they are almost sure to be hurt.

I saw Emily climb the other day, but I hope she will not do so again, lest she should fall and break her arm, as her cousin Thomas has done. Besides, climbing is not at all fit for girls: it is not well for boys to climb; and it is much worse for girls. Girls ought to play with dolls and jumping-ropes, or work in their gardens, and not climb and romp as boys do. Boys often tear and spoil their clothes; but girls' clothes are much sooner spoiled, and it gives their mammas a great deal of trouble to mend them again.

Does Emily know what her frock is made of?

It is made of muslin.

Yes it is; and muslin is made of cotton. Cotton grows upon trees, and comes out in large pods on the branches.

It is a very nice thing to make clothes

of, for it can be washed whenever we please, and made as clean as when it was new. Your frock is rather soiled now, but it will be as pretty and white again as ever, after it is washed. Yet there is no need that Emily should make herself dirty, because her frock can be so soon washed again. Every body looks better clean than dirty; besides, it is healthful to be clean, and they are very naughty people indeed who choose to be dirty.

It is Summer now, Emily; and we will go into the fields to see the hay-makers. The mower is cutting the grass down with his long scythe. Look, it is like a very long sharp knife, and he draws it along the bottom of the

grass, and cuts a great deal down at once. The hay-makers will come very soon, and throw it about, that it may get quite dry; then they will rake it all into a heap with their rakes, and make it into a stack. It is kept till Winter, for horses and cows to feed upon when the fresh grass is all gone. They do not like it so well as grass, but they are very glad of it when there is no grass to be had.

I dare say they are always very glad when the Summer comes again; it is much better to roam about a green field, and crop the fresh juicy grass, than to be shut up in a stable with only dry hay to eat. Summer is a pleasant time of the year; every thing seems to flourish and be happy in the Summer. But does Emily know that there are

some countries where there is no other season than Summer?

It is in those countries always hot weather and bright sunshine. The people never see any snow, or feel cold winds blow. You say you would like to live there; I dare say you would if you had been born there. People almost always think the country they live in themselves the best in the world. But then in those warm countries they have not the pretty green fields that we have, for the hot sun scorches the grass, and makes it look dry and brown. Besides, the winds sometimes blow there so hard, that their houses are blown down, and large trees are pulled up by the roots. Do you think you would like that? Not at all; I dare say. No, no, our own dear country is as good a country as any we could go to. So I

think we had better stay where we are, and try to make ourselves happy in every season.

Look, Emily, what three pretty kittens puss has! How soft and sleek their skins are! Poor little things! you see they are quite blind, and seem very helpless. Their mother is very much afraid of us, lest we should hurt them; see how she keeps putting up her paws and mewling, as much as to say, pray, give me my young ones again! Nobody can take care of them as well as I do myself.

Now look, she takes hold of the neck of one of them, and carries it off. Do not be afraid, she will not hurt it. She likes her kittens too well to hurt them;

Pleasing Stories.



Puss and her Kittens.



and, you know, it is the only way she is able to carry them. She has not hands, as we have; and she needs all her four feet to walk upon. She takes hold of one of them very softly by its neck, and, after she has laid it down on its bed, she will come for another.

Oh, here she comes! She will be very happy soon, when she has them all safely in bed again.

Cats are very useful creatures, for they keep our houses clear of mice. If we had not a cat, the mice would soon come and cheat us out of our pies and tarts. Mice are very fond of every thing which is made of flower or oatmeal; and they like it still better if it has butter, or any thing that is greasy in it. Cheese, too, they like dearly, and often lose their lives in trying to get at it.

Those people who do not like to have cats in their houses, get traps to catch the mice with; and put a bit of cheese to tempt the little thieves into them. They soon smell the cheese, and lick their lips, I dare say, and think they are going to get a nice dinner or supper; but, as soon as they put in their noses to get a bite, off goes a spring, and makes them close prisoners. Silly little things! if they were not so fond of pleasing their palates, they would not so often lose their lives.

It is a sad thing to be too fond of eating, and nobody pities those who suffer from it; but mice do not know any better, so that they ought not to be blamed, for they do not know that it is wrong.

When little girls, or boys, eat till they make themselves ill, people are

sure to despise them, and call them gluttons. I hope Emily will never do so naughty a thing as to eat till she is ill; for mamma would be sadly ashamed of her little girl if she did. It is very right for people to eat when they are hungry: we could not live without eating; but it is wrong indeed for us to eat after we have enough.

I am going to take Emily to see the dairy-maid make butter; come, make haste, and let us go into the dairy, for she is just going to begin.

Look what a great deal of cream: you would like to taste it; but it is not fit to drink. Cream is too rich to be drank by itself; besides, it is quite sour. It has been kept a great many

days, because we cannot get cream enough in one day to be worth churning.

Now, you see, Dolly is pouring it into the churn; she has made the lid quite fast, that the cream may not get out. Now she is turning it round, and must do so a long time before there is any butter.

After the butter is made, Dolly will wash it well in clean cold water, and put some salt in it; then it is made up into round cakes, and brought to table for us to eat. When the butter is made, the thick milk that is left is called butter-milk, and is very pleasant to drink in warm weather.

When people wish to make cheese instead of butter, they put something into the cream which makes curd; then they strain the curd from the thin part,

which is called whey, and press it in a box the shape of a cheese, till it is dry and firm. They then take it out of the press, and lay it upon a shelf to dry still more. After it has stood some months, perhaps a year, it is sent to market and sold. You see what a great many good things we get from cows, Emily, milk, butter, and cheese; besides all this, their young ones are killed to make veal for us; and then, after all, when they themselves are killed, we eat their flesh, which is good beef.

Cows and oxen are killed for beef; calves for veal; sheep for mutton; and pigs for pork. When sheep are young, they are called lambs, and their flesh is called lamb. It is a pity little things so pretty as lambs should be killed; but, if they were not, there would soon be too many of them to get food; be-

sides, we should not have enough of meat without them, and their short life is a happy one.

Now the hay is all made, and the corn is ready to be cut; see how busy the reapers are cutting it down. This is called harvest-time, and the weather is very fine. Every body is glad when he sees that fine harvest-weather; for we all like good bread to eat. Bread is called the staff of life, because it gives people more strength than any thing else that they eat. If the weather is wet when the corn is cut, it very soon spoils: then bad corn makes bad bread, and people are often made ill by eating bad bread.

So you see what a sad thing it would

be if we had not good harvest-weather; and how thankful we ought to be to Him who gives us good corn, and so many other good things.

The leaves are all beginning to fall off the trees, and the fruit is left almost bare! We must have the apples and pears all gathered, for they are quite ripe, and will soon fall off, as the leaves have done before them.

We must put the apples by in the store-room, and keep them till winter, when all the other kinds of fruit are gone. Apples then are very useful indeed for puddings and pies; for they will keep longer than any other kind of fruit.

Pears will not keep so long; besides,

they are not so useful, because they do not make good puddings: so we will eat them now. Emily shall have one every time she says a good lesson, or does her work well. Plums, too, make good pies and puddings, as Emily knows very well; but they will not keep, unless they are boiled up with plenty of sugar.

We must boil them, however, and take care of them, for we shall need a great deal of fruit before summer comes again. It is autumn now; next comes winter, when the cold frosty air will pinch us, and force us to wrap ourselves up in warm clothes. The rain will be frozen into snow, and will come down like white feathers, and cover the ground. The long sharp icicles will hang from the tops of the houses, and the ponds of water will be frozen into

a hard sheet. Then we shall be able to walk out only in the middle of the day, because it will be too dark and cold in the mornings and evenings. But we do not need to care much, as long as we have a good warm fire to sit by; when we can read, talk, or play, to amuse ourselves, we shall not do amiss. By that time I hope Emily will be able to read a little story to mamma, whilst she works, and mamma will play with Emily in return. People will always be happy, whether it is dark or light, winter or summer, if they are good.

There is a place called Iceland, where they have no day-light for many months together, and the weather is much colder than it is here even in our coldest winters. Yet the people there are very happy, and like it very much; I

dare say they would not leave it to come here in our very finest and warmest weather. They dress themselves in the skins of wild beasts, and they slide along the ice on sledges drawn by rein-deer, and quite enjoy their rides.

They live in small houses called huts, and burn a lamp all day long, to give them light. They never see the sun for a long, long time, so that they are very glad of lamps to give them light. They take great pains to teach their children to read, for if they could not read, they would be very dull indeed. They are very good people, and, like all good people, they are very happy.

What has Emily got to say? I see, she is come to tell mamma something! You have let a cup fall and broken it: well, I am very glad you came to tell me yourself. Whatever Emily does, I hope she will always tell mamma, and be sure always to tell the truth; it is a very naughty thing indeed to tell a lie. When people learn to tell lies, nobody can believe them, even though they should speak the truth.

I knew a little girl who had learnt to tell lies so much, that at last nobody would believe that she spoke the truth. One day, her mamma sent her into the garden to pull two very fine peaches; before she went, her mamma told her, that, if she did not touch any of the fruit in the garden, but only brought those two peaches to her, she

would give her one of them for herself.

When this little naughty girl got into the garden, and saw the bunches of ripe grapes, she was tempted to pull some of them; so she climbed up, and reached a bunch, and ate it in a great hurry. Then she came down, and got the two peaches, and put them into a little basket which her mamma had given her to carry them in. When she got into the house, her mother asked her if she had taken care not to touch any of the other fruit? The naughty little girl, instead of owning her fault, told her mamma that she had not touched any thing but the peaches.

Her mamma, on taking the peaches out of the basket, found the stalk which the grapes had been on, lying at the

bottom: the little girl had been in such a hurry, after she had eaten the grapes, to get into the house again, that she had forgotten she had the stalk in her hand, and had dropped it into the basket along with the peaches. Her mamma, you may be sure, was very angry, and she did not get the beautiful peach, which made her mouth water to look at.

Well, another day she was in the garden, and her mamma sent her to bring the key out of the hot-house door, and told her not to go in; she was only to close the door and lock it, and bring her the key. When she got there, the key was not in the door, so she went in to look for it: she knew that the reason of her mamma's telling her not to go in was because she was afraid she would pull the grapes. She

thought to herself, she would withstand these tempting grapes this time; so she never looked at them, but kept seeking about for the key till her mamma came to see what she was about. When her mamma saw her in the hot-house, she thought her little girl had entered to get the grapes, and she told her that she was sure she had pulled some of them. The little girl told her that she had not touched one; but, she had so often told lies, that her mamma could not believe her; and she said, if you had come back as I told you, I should have given you some of these fine plums; but I cannot believe you, for you tell me stories; and I am afraid you have told me one now, so I shall not give you any of the plums. The little girl now found what a sad thing it was to tell stories; and, she thought



Pleasing Stories.



Enma and her Mamma under the tree.

to herself, I will never tell another story, and then mamma will surely learn to believe me.

Come, let us sit down under the shade of this tree; it will keep us cool, for the thick green leaves will shade the sun from us. Look at the cows! some are under the shade, and others are standing in the middle of the pond, as if they could not bear the heat.

The hens and turkeys have crept under the hedge, and the quiet ass has got into the very corner of the field. Every living creature seems to be glad to get out of the way of the hot sun, but the large house-dog: he lies stretched out all his length fast asleep, whilst the scorching sun beats upon him.

Nothing disturbs him but the busy fly; look how he starts and snaps his teeth, and then sleeps again. Poor Tray! we ought to be kind to him; he is a faithful fellow, and takes great care to guard our house from bad men, who would do us harm. Though he likes so well to lie and sleep either in the hot sun, or before the kitchen fire, he would soon rouse up if any one came near him.

When he hears the sound of a foot-step, he raises his head to see who it is; if it is one of the family, he lays it down, and goes very quietly to sleep again; but, if it should be a stranger, he gets up, and either barks, to let us know that there is somebody come that he does not know, or else he follows them about, and watches them, to see if they do any harm, or offer to take any

thing away. If they should attempt to steal, he would soon seize them, and would be ready to tear them in pieces. Do you not think then that we ought to be very kind to Tray, when he takes so much care of us? Yes, I am sure you think we ought. We will feed him well, and give him a snug house to live in, and will stroke his head, and clap his back, for he likes dearly to be clapped and talked to.

I think I heard a little girl scream just now as if she were in a violent passion! Oh! I hope it was not my little Emily who could be so naughty. Emily will grieve her mamma very much if she behave so ill. People will be afraid to come near her, lest she

should scratch or bite, for they will think she is a little mad girl.

If I see her again in such a humour, I think I shall have to tie her to the table, with her hands behind her back, for I shall be afraid lest she should scratch her little brother's eyes out, or tear his hair off his head.

If Emily loves her mamma, she will take care never to behave so again, for mamma cannot love little girls who get into such humours.

I will tell Emily a story about a little boy whom I once knew; he was a very naughty little boy, and used often to get into such passions as Emily was in just now; and one day he was playing with his little brother, who did something to vex him; what did this little mad boy do, but run to the table to catch up an iron that the

servant had been using, to throw at his brother.

The iron was very hot, so that when he caught hold of it, it burnt his hand so much, that all the skin came off to his finger's end; and he had so much pain, that he did not know what to do with himself. Now, though this little boy did not like to feel pain, he had been very willing to give it to his brother, and it was only what he deserved when it all fell upon himself.

And it almost always does; for, when people allow themselves to get into so great a passion, they do not know what they are doing, and are as likely to do themselves harm as any other person. So I hope this is the last time that I shall ever see Emily in a bad humour.

Here comes a good little girl who likes to say a lesson! Emily likes to learn to read, and I am glad she does, for they are very stupid people who are not fond of reading. People learn a great deal from books that they could never know any other way; many people are forced to stay at home all their lives, and are never able to travel at all. But if they can read, they have it in their power to know all the wonders which those have seen who have been in foreign countries; and they can both amuse themselves and other people by reading about them.

Does Emily wish to know when she shall be able to read large books as papa and mamma do? I hope by the time she is a year or two older, she will be able to read almost any book that she sees.

How long is a year, you say? it is twelve months. You know how much a week is; you have learnt the name of the seven days that are in a week—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; four of these weeks make a month, and twelve months a year. Each of these four weeks or months have a name; the first is called January, the next February, the next March, the next April, the next May, the next June, the next July, the next August, the next September, the next October, the next November, and the last December; then comes January again to begin another year. Besides being divided into twelve months, every year is divided into four quarters, called spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The middle of winter is called

Christmas, and the middle of summer, Midsummer. The twenty-first day of June is the longest day in all the year; the sun shines a longer time, and makes it longer light, on that day than on any other in the whole year. The twenty-first of December is the shortest day; the sun is a longer time in rising, and goes down sooner, on that day than on any other. Midsummer is a very sweet time of the year; the sun shines upon us from the time we get up in the morning till we go to bed at night. There is a great deal of fruit ripe at that time,—strawberries, and raspberries, and cherries, and many other things. It is very pleasant, when we are warm and thirsty, to have some fresh ripe strawberries or currants to eat;—they feel so cool and pleasant to our hot, parched mouths.

The flowers too are all in their greatest beauty at that time; the roses are then in full bloom, and make our gardens so gay that we look at them with delight, and wish Midsummer would last for ever. But yet, when Christmas comes, we find that it too has its pleasures; when we take a walk in the middle of a fine winter's day, and see every thing sparkling with ice, whilst the clean white snow covers the ground, and hangs from the trees like bunches of feathers; we think winter is a very pleasant time too, and do not care how long it may last. Then we get our friends and neighbours to come and help us to amuse ourselves during the long winter nights. And, as we sit round a bright blazing fire, playing at some amusing game, we think the winter is as pleasant as any

season. Winter is now coming very fast, and I hope my little Emily will have so much pleasure that she will not care how often winter comes again.

Emily, you must not jump upon the sofa with your feet, and dirty mamma's clean cover. If Emily does so, I shall be obliged to send her up into the nursery, and not let her come down stairs again to stay with mamma. I am sure she would not like that; for she would not hear half so many amusing stories, or see so many pretty things. But I cannot have her here, if she is rude and noisy, and does not attend to what is said to her.

There was once a little girl who had a very bad trick of climbing upon

chairs and sofas, and often gave a great deal of trouble to the ladies and gentlemen who sat upon them, so that her mamma could scarcely get any body to come and see her, they were so much afraid of being teased with this naughty little girl.

One day, her mamma was going to have some company, and the little girl heard that a gentleman was coming to show them a great many very pretty birds, and beetles, and butterflies, which he had brought from some country at a great distance. Now, you may be sure, this little girl wished very much to see these pretty things; so she asked her mamma to let her stay in the drawing-room. Her mother told her, that she should like very much for her to see them, but that she was afraid, if she let her stay in the room, she

would disturb all the company. The little girl said, she would take care not to be noisy or rude if her mamma would but let her stay. Her mother then told her she might; but, at the same time, said, that if she began to climb, or give trouble in any way, she should be turned out of the room that very instant. Well, for some time she was quiet enough; but, as the gentleman did not show his pretty things just at first, she soon began to tire; for when people are not always good, it is a trouble to them to be so only now and then. So what do you think she did? why she climbed up on a lady's chair back, and was going to throw her arms about the lady's neck, like a very rude girl; but, instead of that, in raising her arm, it went against the lady's cap, and knocked it quite off.

In a moment her mamma pulled the bell, and sent her out of the room just at the very minute that the gentleman was opening his box in which he had all the curious things; and though she just got a glance at some of the fine colours of the birds, she was not allowed to stay and look at them, but was forced to spend the whole evening in the nursery by herself.

Now what do you think of this silly little girl? should you not have been very much vexed at having lost the sight of so many pretty things, and to have had to stay all the evening in the nursery by yourself?

Here is a pretty new silver thimble for Emily, that mamma has bought her

because she is a good girl. Oh, how well it fits! there is no need of paper round her finger to keep it on. Emily must learn to sew with a thimble; or the needle will run into her finger and make it sore. Now hold your needle in the right hand, your work in the left: now lay your work over your fore finger, and put in a stitch. Oh! that is too large; it must be a very, very small stitch, for large stitches look very ugly. It is very useful for little girls to learn to sew, that they may be able to make their own frocks and petticoats, and shirts for their papas and little brothers. What do you say? shall I teach your little brother to sew when he is old enough? No; boys do not sew; they have other things to learn: your little brother will have to learn to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a minister, or

something of that kind, when he is a tall boy. Doctors cure people when they are ill; lawyers force them to be just and honest; and ministers teach them to be good; so that you see they are all very useful people.

Emily would like to be useful too; and so, I hope, she will be. If she live, she will some day be a tall woman, and then she will be useful in taking care of little boys and girls as mamma now does. What would Emily and her little brother do, if they had not mamma to take care of them? And I hope when Emily is a tall woman, she will be as kind to the little girls she has to live with her, as mamma is now to her; she must teach them to read, and to sew, and to be good.

What, are you tired of your work already? Let me see how many stitches

you have put in; one, two, three, four, five, six. Well, fold up your work quite straight, and put it into mamma's work-drawer. Now give me your thimble that I may take care of it for you; I cannot trust Emily with it herself till she is older; then she shall have a work-bag, and shall take care of her thimble, and scissors, and thread-case, herself. Now put on your bonnet, and go and play in the garden.

So Emily has been to see her nurse, and she has given her a cake; it was very kind of her, I am sure: but she was always kind to Emily, and has often taken a great deal of trouble with her when Emily was a little baby, and could neither speak nor walk. Little

babies give a great deal of trouble to those who nurse them; they sometimes want things without being able to tell what it is that they want; and then they cry a long time, which is very painful to their nurses. Then they are often ill, and their mamma or their nurse has to attend them all night long, without being able to get any sleep themselves: yet nobody grumbles at the trouble which little babies give, because they know that they cannot help it. They are not able to do any thing for themselves, so that they must have somebody to take care of them.

When little babies are first born, they have no teeth; and, when their teeth begin to grow in their gums, they are often very ill with the pain; they cry a great deal, and lay their heads on their nurse's shoulder, or on

their mamma's bosom, and are not able to take pleasure in any thing. Besides, they can neither eat nor sleep, and their little heads burn like a fire; and they are a great deal of trouble at these times: but every body is glad to do all that they can to give them ease. No one cares for the trouble, if they can give ease to the little helpless sufferer; no one wishes to sleep while it is awake and in pain.

Then do you not think, Emily, that, when these little babies grow big enough to do things for themselves, that they ought to be very glad to make themselves useful? They ought to be glad to learn to do any thing they can; and ought always to be ready to oblige every body.



Plasing Stories.



Emma and her Mamma going to Church.

It is Sunday, and all good people who are able will go to church to-day, to say their prayers. It is our duty to pray every day; every morning and every evening we ought to say our prayers, before we lie down, and when we get up; and, on Sundays, we ought to go to church, or meeting, to join with our friends and neighbours in thanking and praising Him who is the Father of us all. You know I have often told you that God made all of us, and that it is He who gives us all the good things we enjoy. It is He who makes the corn to grow that we feed upon, and the fruits and the flowers which give us so much pleasure. He causes the grass to spring up which the horses, and cows, and sheep feed upon, that are so useful to us: He bids the sun to shine by day to warm us,

and makes every thing look cheerful and pleasant; and he causes the moon and stars to give us light by night. Without his care and goodness, we could not live a single hour; and, if He should bid us die, we should die that instant, and nothing in the world could keep us alive. And yet he never shows his power by hurting us; He is always kind and good, and comforts and supports us when nothing else can. In return for all this kindness, the only thing he requires of us is to be grateful to Him, and love Him. If we love Him, he knows we will be good, because we should then wish to please Him, and we are sure nothing can please Him that is not good. Nobody in the world is half so good as He is. Emily loves her papa and mamma, and thinks them very good and kind; but

they are not half so good as God is. He is the greatest, the wisest, and the best of all beings, and it is our duty to love him with all our hearts; and to be good, because we know that he wishes all his creatures to be happy; and unless they be good, they can never be happy.

I hope Emily does not intend to eat all that rich cake herself; if she does, she will make herself very sick. She had better give her little brother a part, and eat a part herself, and then put the rest by till to-morrow. I should be very sorry to see Emily eat so much of any thing as to make herself sick; if she do, nobody will pity her; they will only say she is a little greedy girl, and deserves to be ill. Oh, but I

see she is not going to be a greedy girl; mamma must cut it, you say; very well. Now, this piece is for your little brother, and this for Emily's self, and mamma will put the rest by till tomorrow. Come, now, and I will tell you a story about two little boys; they called one Joe and the other Tom. One day these little boys went to see their grand-mamma, who lived in the country; when they were coming home after tea, she gave them each a very fine rich cake. As soon as they had got out of the house, Joe began to eat his as hard as he could, and never looked up till it was all gone; and, after he had got it all down, he asked his brother what he had done with his? Tom told him it was in his pocket, and that he did not intend to eat it till he got home: Joe did not think

Tom would be able to keep the cake so long in his pocket without eating any of it; so he watched him, and expected every minute to see him take it out and begin to eat it. But he was mistaken; for Tom never once looked at it till he got home. As soon as he got into the house, he called his little brother George to him, and said, "Come, George, go with me to mamma, and I will ask her to divide this cake between us." Away they went to mamma; she divided the cake into two halves; and then Tom gave one-half to George, and kept the other himself. As they were eating it, Joe came to them, and looked at them with such a greedy eye, that Tom knew very well he wished for a piece. Tom did not think Joe had any right to it, for he had never offered him a morsel of his

cake when he was eating it; but, however, Tom thought he would rather give him a piece than see him look so hard at him; so he broke his piece in two, and gave Joe half of it. After the cake was all eaten, their mamma said to Tom, "Tom, I am so much pleased with you for giving so much of your cake to your brothers that I will show you this book of pretty pictures; but Joe may go into the nursery and stay by himself; for he has shown himself a greedy boy, and that I do not choose to have him with me."

Joe went away hanging his head, and then their mother opened a large book which had a great many very curious pictures in it, and showed them to Tom and George. They were very happy, looking at the pictures, and hearing their mamma tell them what

they were about. By and by the servant came into the parlour, to say that Joe was ill; so their mamma was forced to go up stairs; but she told them, before she went, that as they were two such good little boys, she would trust them to look at the pictures by themselves, only they must be careful not to tear the leaves, but turn them over very gently. George said he would let Tom turn the leaves over, as he was the oldest; so their mamma left them without being afraid of their doing any mischief.

When she got into the nursery, she found Joe very sick and ill, and he looked at his mother with a very piteous face. She said, "I am not at all sorry for you, Joe; because you have made yourself sick with being a greedy boy, and you deserve to suffer."

She then gave him some chamomile tea to drink; he did not at all like it. Now does not Emily think Tom was a great deal better off with only a part of his cake than Joe was with his whole one?

Oh what a cold day it is! Let us go near the fire, and keep ourselves warm. There is nothing so comfortable in a cold winter's day as a good bright fire. It is well for us who have so much of wood and coal. Does Emily know where coal comes from? It is dug out of the earth: men dig very large holes in the earth, where they think there is coal to be found. This place is called a mine, and a great many men work in it; they are called miners, and their

business is to dig the coal out of the ground. There are a great many useful things dug out of the earth; salt is dug out of the earth too; there are large rocks of salt to be found under ground. The place where salt is found is called a salt mine. There are a great many other mines; there are lead mines, and copper mines, and gold mines, and tin mines. Coals, and salt, and stones, and earth, are called minerals; and gold, silver, iron, lead, copper, and tin are called metals. They are all very useful; we burn coal for fires; we rub salt on our meat to make it keep a long time without spoiling, and we put it upon our food to make it taste better; and we build houses with stone. Gold, silver, and copper, are used to make money of; and people who can afford it, have a great many things in their

houses made of gold and silver. Mamma's watch is made of gold, and you see it is yellow; and the spoon with which Emily eats her supper is made of silver, and it, you know, is white. All our bolts, and bars, and locks, and a great many other things, which are very useful, are made of iron. Many of our pans are made of tin; and the cistern, and the spouts which convey the water into the cistern, are made of lead. So you see what a great many useful things come out of the earth. These things all lie a long way down in the ground, and at the top, there is a light kind of earth called soil; on which the grass and grain grow, and all the flowers, and shrubs, and trees, which make the country look so pretty. But looking pretty is not all that they are good for; the grass feeds our cattle, the

wheat, and rye, and barley feed ourselves, and the oats feed our horses. Many of the plants, too, which bear the pretty flowers that you like so much to gather, are good as medicine; and even the flowers themselves are not made merely to blossom and look beautiful, for they turn into seeds and fruits, of which you know we can make so much use. You see, therefore, that every thing is made to be useful in some way or other. And so are little girls. They cannot do much whilst they are very young; but if they keep trying to do all they can, they will grow more and more useful as they grow older, so that by the time they grow up to be women, they will be very useful, and that will make them very happy.

Do you know, Emily, I have been reading about a man who has a cat, and some rats and mice, and an owl, and some sparrows, and a great many other such animals, all in a cage together, where they live very happily together. Now this is a very curious thing, because cats are very fond of catching rats, and mice, and birds, and killing them; and owls, too, catch mice and birds, and eat them; and yet neither this cat nor owl ever attempt to hurt any of these things which are in the cage beside them, because the man has taught them to live kindly with them. Do you not think it must be a very curious sight to see these little mice, instead of running away from the cat, trembling and frightened, lest it should catch them, and eat them up, come, and play about beside it, whilst

Mrs. Puss sits looking at them, purring away all the time as contentedly as if she had made a good supper off them. The man that they belong to, has taken a great deal of pains to teach these animals to behave kindly to one another; and this is called education. He educates them, when he teaches them to be gentle and kind to each other; and mamma is educating Emily, when she teaches her to be a good girl; and I hope my little girl will reward me for all the trouble that I take in her education, by becoming a good, and sensible, and amiable woman.

Look what a pretty beaver mamma has bought Emily, to keep her head warm this cold weather. Feel how soft and smooth it is. Do you know

what it is made of? It is made of the hair that is taken off the skin of a little animal called a beaver, and the hat is called a beaver on that account. Beavers are found in many parts of this country, and are very curious animals. They are not very large, not much larger than a cat; but yet they can do very wonderful things. They build themselves houses, where a great many of them live together. They always build their houses over a stream of water, that they may be more secure from troublesome visitors; and if the water is not deep enough where they wish to build, they make a dam across it, to keep the water from flowing so fast away. Then they saw down trees, to build their houses of. But how can they saw them down, you say, when they have no hands to hold a saw

with? It is true, they have no hands, but they have long, sharp teeth, that they saw with; and they always saw the trees so as to make them fall across the stream over which they wish to build; and after they have got several trees cut down, they plaster them together with mud, which they spread over them with their tails, that are very broad and flat, like the instrument that men who build houses, use to spread the lime with. They are very neat in their houses, and take care to keep them very clean; and, what is better still, they are very sociable, and kind to each other, helping one another in every way in their power. They live together, as all good children ought to do, in peace and harmony, and are always good tempered and happy. The only thing that disturbs their peace,

is, when men come amongst them to catch them, for the sake of their skins, which are very valuable on account of the hair, of which, as I told you before, hats are made.

What does Emily think her necklace is made of? Stone. No, it is not stone; it is coral; and coral is made by insects which live a long way down in the sea. They make this coral for houses for themselves to live in; and they sometimes build it so high as to make it rise a long way through the water, and look almost like an island. Is it not very strange, that small insects can make any thing so large? There are a great many things in the sea; there are fishes as large as ships;

those fishes are called whales, but though they are so large, they are very harmless, and will not hurt any body. Then there is another fish which is not so large as a whale, but it is a great deal more terrible. It has a very large mouth, and so wide a throat that it can swallow a child; and its teeth are so sharp that it can bite off a man's arm, or leg, in a moment. They call this fish a shark, and it is a very terrible thing indeed for any body to be within reach of one. There is another fish that is called the flying fish, because it has wings, and can rise out of the water and fly a short way through the air; and another, that they call a saw fish, because it has a long sharp nose that is just like a saw. But it is impossible for mamma to tell half the curious things that there are in the sea. All

the pretty shells that Emily has seen, were once the little houses of fishes of various kinds that lived in the sea. When the fishes grow too large for their shells they come out of them, and get larger ones, and then the shells that they have left, are washed by the waves on to the shore, where Emily shall go next summer and gather some of them. But you say you will not go into the sea to bathe, lest a shark should get hold of you. Oh! no: there are no sharks so near the shore; besides, mamma will take good care of her little Emily, and not let any cruel shark hurt her.

Do not hurt the flies, Emily; it is cruel to hurt them, poor things. They

are troublesome it is true, but that is no reason why we should treat them cruelly. They do not understand any better than to tease us; but we know that it is wrong to torment any living thing. If we kill them we ought to do it at once, and not keep them in pain, for that is very wrong indeed. There was once a naughty boy who used to be very fond of hurting flies, and all sorts of insects that he could get hold of; he used to pull off their wings, and then laugh to see them creep about, without being able to fly. Many people told him it was naughty of him to hurt the poor things in this manner; but he did not mind what they said.

One day, however, this cruel boy was walking in a field, and a great bull came running up to him, and caught him up by its horns, and tossed him

over its head. He was thrown a long way in the air, and then as he came down, the bull caught him up in his horns again, and threw him a great deal further. It is hard to tell how long the bull would have knocked him about, if some men had not come and got him out of its way. When they took him home, they found that both his arms were broken, and he was sadly wounded and bruised all over. People were not half so sorry for him, as they would have been if he had not been so cruel a boy. They said to him, "Perhaps you will learn now to feel for the poor little insects, when you see them creeping about without wings. You were just as cruel to them, as the bull was to you, and it was a much greater fault in you, than in it; for the bull did not

know any better, but you were able to understand that you were giving pain."

Now I will tell you another story about a good little boy. This boy that I am going to tell you about now, was very kind-hearted, and did not like to see any thing made uneasy. If he were walking in the country, and happened to see a snail creeping across his path, he always took care to step over it; and he would often buy the birds which idle boys had caught in traps, and set them away, to fly back to their woods again.

One day this little boy was standing near some water, and he saw a little duck struggling in it; some naughty boy had hurt its wing with a stone, so that it was not able to swim, and must soon have been drowned. This kind-hearted boy, did not like to see it suffering, so

he stepped upon a large stone, which was in the water, to try if he could reach the duck to get it out of the water, and save it from being drowned; but he reached too far, his foot slipped, and he tumbled into the water himself. I am afraid this good little boy would have been drowned, if a man had not seen him, and come and jumped into the water, and brought him out in his arms. When the little boy found himself safe, he turned to thank the man who had saved his life; but the man said, I do not want any thanks, for what I have done, it is a sufficient reward to know that I have saved the life of a very good boy.

What ! did a large dog bark at Emily,

and frighten her? Oh! I do not believe it meant to hurt her; I dare say it only wanted to say, "How do you do, little girl?" However, it is better not to go too near to dogs and tease them, especially if they are not acquainted with you, lest they should get angry, and bite you. Dogs are generally very kind to those they know, and will even bear a great deal of teasing and ill treatment from them. But it is very wrong to behave ill to faithful animals like them, that are always ready to serve us. Dogs have often been known to save people's lives, by protecting them from robbers; or by jumping into the water, and dragging people out, who were in danger of being drowned. In some countries people used dogs to draw their carriages as we do horses; and in other places they employ them to watch their

sheep, and this they do so well, that they can tell if a sheep happen to be missing, and they never rest till they find it, and bring it back to the flock. There are some men called monks, who live in a large house called a convent, on the top of a very high mountain, that is almost constantly covered with snow. Now it often happens that people who are travelling over this mountain, get lost amongst the snow, and would be sure to die if they did not get any help; but these monks, who are very good, charitable men, keep a number of dogs, which they have taught to wander about the mountain in search of travellers, and when they find any, they guide them to the convent, where the monks receive them and take care of them. Once there was one of these dogs,

Pleasing Stories.



The little Robin.

ranging about the mountain, when he met with a poor little boy that was almost dying of cold and hunger. He was so benumbed with cold that he could not walk, but the dog made signs to him, so as to make him understand that he wanted him to get on to his back, which the boy did, and the dog carried him to the convent, where he was put into a warm bed, and taken so much care of, that he was soon quite well. Now was not this a good dog? Emily, I hope you will always like dogs after this, when you find that they can do so much good.

Look, Emily, how that pretty little
 1. sparrow comes and perches upon the
 sill of the window! It does not seem

at all afraid of us, though we are so near it. Poor robin, what is it you want? Is there no fruit upon the hedges? and have you come for a few crumbs of bread from us? I am sure you shall have them. Emily will be very glad to go into the kitchen and ask for some soft bread, and we will crumble it for you. But take care, Emily, do not lean too far out of the window, lest you should lose your balance, and tumble down. If we move a little way from the window, little robin will soon hop in, and pick the crumbs off the window-seat. Now, then, here it comes: see how it picks up the crumbs, and turns its little head about every minute to watch if any body is coming to hurt it. Do not be afraid, little robin, we will not hurt you; my Emily would be very sorry, I am sure, to hurt a pretty lit

harmless bird! She likes too well to see you come and eat your crumbs of bread.

Now, then, it has had enough, and is hopping away. There it goes; it has perched upon a tree, and is going to give us a song. Pretty little creature, how happy it seems! It is very grateful for its good meal. There is no bird so tame as a robin; all the other birds fly away the moment we come near them, as if they were afraid we should do them harm; but the little robin seems to say, "I am only a little harmless bird, surely you will not be so cruel as to harm me; I only want a few crumbs of bread, and in return I will give you one of my best songs." It is very pleasant to have the robin to stay and sing to us in the winter when all the other birds have left us; and

we may surely give him a piece of bread in return for his pretty song.

Birds are very much pinched with the cold; and many of them fly away from this country in the winter, and go to one that is warmer: but, even when it is not winter, we have sometimes very cold weather, and the poor little birds often get nearly starved.

One very wet day, when Emily was a very little baby, so little that she could neither walk nor speak, and could only hold out her little arms and smile when she saw her mamma, and push herself forward to show that she wanted to go to her; well, on this cold wet day, mamma chanced to go to the door, when she saw two poor little birds lying upon the pavement in the yard: the heavy rain had washed them out of their nest, which their mother had built in the

spout, and they were lying gasping and struggling, and almost ready to die. They had scarcely any feathers on their little bodies, so that they were not able to fly, and the rain came pouring upon them as if it would drown them; mamma took them up, and laid them beside the fire to warm them. She wished very much to feed them, and sopped some soft bread, which she had no doubt they would be very glad to eat, for they often gaped open their bills, and cried as if they were begging very hard for food; but as soon as a crumb of bread was put into their little open mouths, they always shook their heads till they got it out again.

When night came, mamma did not know what to do with them, for she could not get them to eat any thing, and she was afraid they would die of

hunger before the morning; all she could do, was to leave them in a warm room, and take care to close the door quite fast, that the cat might not get in; for if pussy had seen them she would have snapped them up as she would do a young mouse. In the morning the rain was all over, and every thing looked bright and pleasant; mamma wished very much that she could send the little birds back to their mother again, for she knew that their mother would feed them with pieces of worms, which she would go and pick out of the ground for them. But mamma did not know where to find their mother, and they were not able to fly and seek for her; at last mamma thought she would put them on the window-seat, that the warm sun might shine upon and comfort them. When they were

laid upon the window-seat, and felt the warm sun basking upon them, they raised their little heads and began to look about them.

It was not long before some larger birds began to fly backwards and forwards before the window, and every time they came, the little birds raised their heads and looked at them, as if they meant to say, "Are you our father and mother?" But they put their heads down again after they had looked at them, and seemed to say, "No, no, these are not our kind father and mother who used to bring us food and feed us so kindly." It was not long, however, before two birds flew past the window that these little nestlings seemed to know better than any of those that they had seen before: when they flew past, they fluttered their little wings

and gaped their mouths, and chirped very hard for food. Then mamma opened the window very wide that the old birds might hear them; and it was not long before they did hear them, and they soon knew them to be their children. They came and rubbed their little heads against theirs two or three times, in the kindest manner, and then they flew away; it was not long before they came back, and as soon as the little birds saw them they began to flutter their wings and gape their mouths again. The old birds perched upon the window-frame, and, as soon as the young ones opened their mouths, they popped a little worm in, which the little things seemed very glad to swallow. Then the old bird flew away to get more worms; and so they went on for a great many days, till the little birds began to

have more feathers on their wings, and then mamma saw that their father and mother wanted to try if they could fly.

One day she stood and watched them a long time, and she saw that one of the old ones came every now and then, and rubbed its beak against that of one of the young ones, and then flew a very short distance: it came back again, and rubbed its head again, and then flew away once more.

Mamma knew it was teaching its young one to fly, and she watched to see how it would succeed. The next time it came, however, to mamma's great surprise, the little bird seemed to muster all its courage, and off it went with its mother; it could not fly far, and soon fell down on the ground; but it was not long before it tried again, and the next time it lighted on a lilac

tree, where it seemed to sit very snugly. There was still one bird left in mamma's parlour, and it began to look very uneasy when it was left by itself; but it was not very long before its mother came back for it, and tried to tempt it the same way as it had done the other, to trust itself in the air. It very soon took flight; it did better than the first, for it flew straight into the lilac bush at once, and mamma was very glad to think the little birds were once more happy with their father and mother.

There goes seven o'clock! the time for all little tired girls to go to bed. Oh, I see the little girl yawns, and is very sleepy; well, kiss papa, and we

will go up stairs. We do not need any candle; the moon shines very bright, quite ready to show little girls the way to bed. You want to know why the moon is not here to light you to bed every night; the reason is, because it keeps travelling round and round the world; and, when it is not here to light Emily, it is gone to the other side of the world to light some other good little girl. But then it comes back to Emily again; at first, it only just peeps at her, and is so little we can hardly see it; then it gets bigger and bigger every night, till it becomes large, full, and bright, such as it is to-night. It will soon begin to grow less and less every night, just as it grew larger before, till it is all gone out of our sight. But it does not stay long away; it soon comes back to us as it did before, and

cheers us with its pretty bright beams. When the moon is away, we still have the pretty bright stars, which look like bright spangles all over the sky. They keep twinkling, twinkling, twinkling, and looking as if they first popped out their heads and then took them in again. They sometimes almost look as though they were playing at boo-peep. There is one star which is almost always to be seen, and is always in the same place. Look up, and you will see a little bright star just above the window; that is called the north star. It is very useful to the poor sailors when they are a long way out at sea, far away from any land; they can tell by that star whereabouts they are, and which way they ought to go. Was not God very good to give them such a star to guide them on their way?

He was indeed! He is always good at all times, and to every body. Then kneel down, my dear little girl, and pray to that kind and good Being, that he may watch over you while you sleep, and guard you from harm. Now, then, good night, close your eyes and go to sleep.

FINIS.

















